

## THE STORY OF LAKEWOOD.

How a Wilderness of Pines Became One of America's Fashionable Winter Resorts.

The crisp whiffs of sea air that float through the lagoons and thence over the Adriatic meadows to meet the incoming train is the first evidence of enchanted Venetia. It is the breath of the pine woods that announces Lakewood is near, a strange, not to be described atmosphere, balmy as the South, mixed with the salt of the sea, with the vigor of Winter in it, and yet without Winter's chill.

Scientists have tried to analyze its perfume, and have had to stop short in their researches, puzzled. For "pine land" is what no scientist understands. He only knows that in this one corner of Jersey, at within sixty miles of New York, cold and moisture are hedged off by barriers, and a Florida and a Georgia have been created, little more than an hour's run from the metropolis.

Some strange freak of Nature did all this, and man is only just beginning to discover the wonders of the "belt of pines." Pedestrians may be shivering in New York streets and in Boston and Philadelphia squares, the Jersey coast may be swept by icy storms, and freezing winds may be blowing from Maine to Virginia by order of Sergeant Dunn, yet in the pines there is almost Summer. The thermometer almost drops out of sight at times, and even the oldest inhabitant does not know it. Week after week, in the face of the forecast, cold outside the pines, the climate within resembles closely that of Thomasville, Ga.

The "ideal wilderness" has its "ideal lodge." It is manifestly unfair, of course, to call the snug town of Lakewood a "wilderness," just as it is to call the Lakewood Hotel a "lodge." But the simile is not so far off from the way. The miles of pines, stretching to all the four points of the compass, dwarfed and stunted, grim and sombre, make a weirdly picturesque landscape by day and by night. And after dark "The Lakewood" on a hill, in a park of its own, gleams out into the blackness with its five thousand and one lights like a giant forest lodge inviting welcome.

It is all odd and entertaining. More than that, Lakewood and "The Lakewood" is a picture one should see. Eternally over this pine belt through the winter months hang the blue skies of the Mediterranean, tinged with a dash of American gray. It is a Riviera on a compact scale, and the American fashion of the East makes pilgrimages to it, as English lords and wealthy commoners, German counts, French marquises and Austrian barons visit Cannes, Nice and Mentone.

Lakewood, however, is none of these. As a place of wintering for a day, a week, a month or a season, it is unique and of a persuasive charm. In existence barely ten years, it has built up a cottage colony that now might properly be called a "city of country winter homes." There is not a season when a dozen or a score of patrons of "The Lakewood" do not start building on their own account, to become permanent residents.

America's most talked about financier, George Gould, having lived now for several years in a rented cottage, has recently had plans completed for a \$175,000 house, which before another season sets in will be ready for occupancy. A. B. Claffin, of the famous Claffin family, has a home already that is almost as costly. And there are many other men of like prominence.

All, or nearly all, of these cottages are in the new part of Lakewood village, close to "The Lakewood." At one side of the great edifice, and but a short distance from it, is what is still known as the "President's cottage," for it was there that President Cleveland and his family stayed a year or so ago.

It is in the centre of a broad park of its own, five minutes' walk from the village's centre, that "The Lakewood" stands. A curious and interesting bit of history is attached to its founding, five years ago. A celebrated New York physician suggested it—Dr. Alfred Loomis, visiting Lakewood, and charmed with its climate, he marvelled that such a place for sick and well—inviting for those in perfect health, hygienic and life-giving for those beset by maladies or worn out by overexertion—should be directly at the doors of New York and yet so little known. The establishment of a city hotel of size and metropolitan excellence occurred to him, where tired nature could recuperate and where people could play and live as they lived in town.

Nathan Straus was the man he expressed these views to, and it did not take the energetic New Yorker long to act. The story of his action is short. He at once organized a hotel company, recruiting it among some of the strongest capitalists of the East. The project was so novel that it met with instant support. A winter hotel in a summer climate on the edge of New York City! Over a million dollars' capital was readily enlisted, and in the incredibly short space of eight months the great building, almost a village in itself, sprang up as if by magic.

"I know of no place," said Dr. Loomis, as he finally saw the huge winter hotel opened and his pet idea well under way—and he reiterated this many times before his death—"so suitable for people to go to get a few weeks' winter outing as Lakewood."

One phrase, already set down here, should be repeated, because it tells the story of Lakewood and "The Lakewood" to a T. "A winter hotel in a summer climate on the edge of New York City!"

The hotel, first of all, was built lavishly and on the grandest possible scale. Chief among the aims of the company that put over a million of dollars and eight million brick into it was to make it a home for the rich as well as for those of moderate means. So well have they succeeded that there is a constant coming of the kings and princes of finances of the country, the most successful men and the most beautiful and charming women of America passing through its halls or sitting before the great log fire of the enormous entrance hall in the centre of the house that goes by the name of "the office."

In arrangement the Lakewood is an admirably designed structure. Facing toward the south it is so planned that nearly every sleeping room has a southerly, south-easterly, or south-westerly exposure. The rooms that front to the north are few. Not in such a trifle as might be imagined. The pine wind from the south is pine wind

at its best, and the difference in comfort to the sleeper is more than can readily be told.

St. Peter's, at Rome, must have been the model the Lakewood's architect took. In the same way does the entrance set far back, and where the hotel Roman basilica stands there is here the porte-cochere and the reception or entrance hall. To the right and to the left, framing in the little park at the front, are great wings. Across the hotel's front on the first floor, covering every inch and running along the corners of the wings, is the sun parlor or promenade, a wide piazza a third of a mile long, strewn with chairs and decorated with countless jars of palms and potted plants.

All this is enclosed in glass, so that the sun can pour in unrestrained. It bends into nooks and corners at the sharp turns made by the building's uneven facade, and at two points, each a little distance on either side of the porte-cochere, breaks out into broad semicircular balconies. Likewise enclosed in glass, fitted out with tables and bronzes—made into perfect little drawing rooms. Through its entire length the "sun parlor" is heated and the apparatus so arranged that the temperature may be changed at will.

Generally, however, this curious piazza is kept at a triflingly lower temperature than within the house itself. Sliding doors are placed at intervals, dividing the great piazza into four sections, and on an average day there are actually four different temperatures along its length, each a slightly different air. In this way it is a simple matter to suit any whim or any pair of lungs.

Ventilation and heating, indeed, are the main points of interest of the Lakewood. Complete as it is in other respects, it is absolutely unique in these regards. No other building in the country has such a system, the great cost preventing. A quarter of a million dollars was spent on this plant alone, and while this sum is a fortune in itself, its expenditure was amply justified. For, magical as it may appear, by the turning of a few small handles—the work of an instant—the entire building, from top to bottom, can be filled with fresh pine woods air, already warmed and tempered, all this without a fraction of a current or an appreciable draught.

At the top of the house there is an exhaust carrying away all of the used-up air back to the pines, to be reoxygenated and mingled with the perfumes of the trees. Ordinarily the air is changed gradually, but it needs only an increase of speed in the fan to supply the house anew in less than a single moment.

In the space here many curious things have to be left untold. But there are not a few other details, the mention of which becomes very necessary. Most important of these is the artesian well, which has just been completed, and which now constitutes the Lakewood's sole water supply. The borings for this went down 670 feet, and it furnishes 125 to 150 gallons a minute, or 185,000 to 100,000 gallons a day. Tested by chemists, it has proved itself one of the sweetest waters in the world, and the hotel uses it, not only for drinking purposes, but in every department—in the laundry, kitchen, lavatories and in each sleeping room.

The long corridor, 230 feet each way from the entrance hall down to the wings, has the public apartments opening into it. To the right are three women's parlors en suite, done in blue and gold, pink and gold, and a strange shade of brown. These face

to the south. Across the hallway from them is a ball room fitted out with a stage and the sets of scenery. Here there is an entertainment almost every night, dancing, college glee clubs from all the universities and frequent dramatic performances. A formal ball is given every Saturday night.

Down the corridor to the cafe there is a coffee and smoking room, decorated in brown, and a writing room, both of these opening on the sun parlor, and on the other side of the hall a tiny pharmacy, well stocked, a fancy goods booth, and a spacious billiard room and cafe arranged with a raised platform, from which the progress of the games may be watched. Women in gay costumes crowd this room evenings, both to play and to look on, and the scene is a brilliant one.

But when all is said and done, after all the chief charm of "The Lakewood" on a winter day or evening lies in the great entrance hall that is square, its huge fireplace with blazing logs, and the concourse of people, hundreds in sight almost from one single point of vantage, sitting in foamy rocking chairs or ceaselessly promading, all in evening dress, in and out of this open "piazza," on to the sun parlor, at night turned into a fairy land with colored lights and showing through the panes vistas of pine woodlands spangled with clear, white electric rays. It is a scene typically and purely American. Europe, with all its gaiety and its courts, cannot reproduce it, nor has this country any other scene even remotely resembling it, so far as the writer knows.

A string band of six pieces in a corner of the hall strikes up a soft waltz that serves as a foil merely for the buzz of conversation and the occasional pat-pat of a woman's daintily shod foot. Fifty miles away in New York it is bleak and raw; here one might almost imagine it a Summer's night were it not for the fire of logs.

The sports and amusements to be enjoyed are many. The region is famous for its cross-country runs. There are two courses of golf links of excellent quality, fine roads for wheeling, riding and driving, the round-up of bicycles alone each morning in front of the hotel being an impressive sight. "The Lakewood" has a bicycle expert and master mechanic on its staff, who gives his whole time to the care of the wheels of guests.

Mr. T. F. Silcock, a noted hotel man, and of recent years of the Oriental, at Manhattan Beach, is "The Lakewood's" present lessee. He has at his fingers' ends the art of running a great house, and the table and general service are wonderfully fine.

Many famous names are included in the list of this year's guests. These few are taken at random: William L. Strong and family, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Harper, Hon. Lisenard Stewart, John G. Moore, Hon. and Croker, Miss Martha Morton, Howard P. Sweetzer, Mrs. J. H. Sweetzer, Andrew J. Freedman, Nathan Straus, Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Miner, William H. Burr, Archer Vance, Pancoast, General and Mrs. Rush C. Hawkins, Frank Tilford and family, H. C. Timmerman and George B. Cornell, all of New York; Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Shepard and Miss L. C. Shepard, of Washington; W. G. Wiley, Mrs. E. W. Hawkins and Miss Lettie Smith, of Brooklyn; Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Cowley, Miss Thompson and Miss Lemly, of Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. Prag and Mr. and Mrs. M. Prag, of Baltimore; and Joseph Hanigan, of Providence.

There is a stock brokers' office in the hotel, with a direct private wire to New York. Beside Mr. Gould and Mr. Claffin, these are a few of the other cottagers: Dwight Harris, Francis P. Freeman, J. D. Rockefeller, James Converse, R. B. Kerr, Jasper Lynch, Leroy Jones, S. D. Davies and Captain A. M. Bradshaw.

## A RAILROAD INTO SOCIETY.

Lots of Enterprising New Yorkers Who Will Land You There for a Price.

YOUNG man from West, with some money and of good appearance, would like to meet a gentleman who would for consideration purchase him to some of the fashionable clubs of New York. Address, confidentially, 109—

There are always people in this world who imagine they can lift themselves into good society by their bootstraps. There are people, too, who imagine that they are socially important enough to be able to introduce anybody into the circle of the social elite.

Between these two classes of persons there sometimes is made a business contract, the consideration a sum of money by the guileless party of the first part; the promised result an entree into "good society," brought about by the plausible party of the second part.

The aspiring young man of means and good appearance, a stranger in the metropolis, is usually the Verdant Green who pays the price.

The imprudent young man who somehow has a social connection—he is a member of a family, possibly, that was once in society, or he has managed to squeeze himself into some reputable club—is the enterprising sharper who receives the money.

Mr. Verdant Green advertises his wants. Mr. Society Sharper answers and agrees to satisfy these wants. The foregoing advertisement is a specimen of its kind. Following are some of the replies that it called forth—a very interesting collection, you will admit:

Dear Sir: Make an appointment with me and I may arrange what you wish regarding your advt. Yours truly, R. P. SKELTON, No. 35 Wall st., Room 24, fifth floor.

"Confidentially." I am not a man, but a woman. I can introduce you to nearly all the prominent men of this city—such as Judge William F. Moore, Judge William Fullerton and others.

I am really not a society woman, but of one of the oldest Southern families in America; my position is second to none. At present I am a widow thirty-four years old, unencumbered. I answer your advertisement in a purely business view, for I thought you might as well give me the financial assistance you offer to a man, as I at present need some ready money. I have property, but at present little ready cash.

If you will call to see me at my present address I will give you proof of my sincerity and also proof of the truth of what I offer.

Hoping to see you, I am, very truly, LIZZIE DELABARRRE, No. 62 East Seventh st., N. Y. City.

Dear Sir—A new club is being formed in this city, under the auspices of some parties of great social prominence, and no better opportunity will offer to you to gain your entree in the exclusive set of New York's society than your subscribing to the formation of this club.

The charter for this club has just been taken out, and the particular feature of this club (which will soon be the most aristocratic in this country) is that its members are recruited exclusively from the elite of Europe's old aristocracy and the very best elements of this country's society.

If your references are satisfactory—as I have no doubt they are—there will certainly be no objection raised as to your appending your name on the first list, and you would find it a means (later on perhaps inaccessible) to socially meet the foremost elements—ladies and gentlemen—of the best society.

If you will favor me with your address, I shall be pleased to call on you, or to meet you at any place convenient. Very truly yours, G. O. BENE, P. O. Box 315.

Delta Kappa Epsilon Club, 9 West Thirty-first street.

Dear Sir—Your "personal notice" in Sunday's— is before me. If you will address me a letter as per below, and make an engagement for our meeting soon after 4 p. m. to-day, we will talk over your wants and I may be able to do what you wish. Please write your letter and enclose and send this one in the same envelope and hand the same in person to any of the clerks in the office of the Herald, in Herald square, at Thirty-fourth street and Broadway. When handing the letter in, simply say, "This is for Mr. Harley," and I will receive it in due time and will call and have a talk with you, when we can exchange references, etc. If it is not entirely convenient to hand the letter as above, in person, a messenger would probably carry out your instructions as well. I will prefer meeting you at some of the hotels between Twenty-

Imperial Hair Regenerator FOR GRAY OR BLEACHED HAIR. Clean, odorless, lasting. It does not contain an atom of poisonous matter, will not stain the scalp, and does not affect it, neither does curling or straightening, or any other treatment, in any way injure the hair. It is made of the purest and most delicate materials, and is guaranteed to last. Price, \$1.50 and \$3.00. No. 1—Black. No. 2—Dark. No. 3—Medium. No. 4—Brown. No. 5—Light. No. 6—Gold. No. 7—Blonde. No. 8—Ash. We make application, specialty, and assure privacy. Samples of hair colored free of charge. SHAMPOOING AND LATEST STYLES OF HAIRDRESSING. 292 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y. (bet. 30th and 31st Sts.; take elevator.)

third and Forty-second street. Yours very truly, C. B. —, Care J. T. Harley, Esq., the Herald, Thirty-fourth street, city.

Dear Sir—Will you kindly advise me in reference to adv. I want divorce, but expense cannot undertake. Advise me if you think I can reach it. My husband is not in city. I am alone two years. I am a lady in every respect; excellent family and standing. Address to N. Y. Post Office, but in plain envelope. Yours respectfully, MRS. C. BARNARD, as above.

R. S. CHECKLEY, Established 1878. Stone Contractor and Builder, 903 Sixth ave. and 158 West 49th st., N. Y. New York, November 23, 1896.

My Dear Sir: If you will kindly drop me a line and make appointment, I can arrange matters for you, if a gentleman of refinement. Yours truly, R. S. CHECKLEY. P. S.—In addressing you thus I am presuming that I am addressing a gentleman confidentially.

CAFE MANHATTAN, Hotel and Restaurant, 145 Second ave.

Dear Sir: I am in a position to further your wishes, so if you will send me your address or call on me, we will arrange the matter. The introduction shall cost you nothing, but I must know first who I am treating with before I can promise anything. Yours truly, A. E. MESANIO, Address Room 72, Belvidere Hotel, corner of Fourth avenue and Eighteenth street.

Successful Use in St. Petersburg of the Plant Long Known as "Tetterwort."

The new cure for cancer by the use of chelidonium sap, for the discovery of which a young St. Petersburg physician is just now receiving no end of credit.

It pays to buy at Vantine's. It pays to buy at Vantine's.

## Vantine's Japanese fans in all the latest evening styles.

Have you seen the latest styles in our Japanese fan department? They are worth coming to see. A particularly attractive novelty is in delft blue and white. The design is a quaint Jap figure medallion for the centre, with arabesque edge or border profusely decorated with silver spangles; only \$4.50.

Another beauty is in pink silk, with a double row of spangles at the top. It is hand embroidered and painted; a real work of art; \$3.75.

Still another is a lovely creation, with central landscape surrounded by great clusters of odd Japanese flowers; its side sticks are handsomely carved in floral and leaf designs; \$3.00.

And thousands of others from 25c. to \$25.00.

PRICE REDUCTIONS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS. A. A. VANTINE & CO., The Largest Japanese, Chinese and India House in the world, 877 and 879 Broadway, N. Y.

## LUDWIG BAUMANN & COMPANY

THE WORLD'S UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS :: :: BLOCK--8th AVE., 35th to 36th ST., NEW YORK. AMERICA'S GREATEST CASH AND CREDIT HOUSE.

**SOLID Combination**  
Bookcase and Chest, with four adjustable shelves, two handsome drawers, French bevelled mirrors in center, steel 6x10 inches and 18x18 inches, three deep drawers, brass handles, swelled glass front.  
17.25

**GRAND quartered Oak**  
Chest, glass front, top broad shelf, French bevelled mirrors in center, steel size 8x10 in, surrounded by fine carving.  
18.39

**MAHOYANIZED Safe**  
with glass front, beautiful finish and careful make, three drawers, brass handles, secret make, etc., top cornice, with mirror.  
10.18

**FIVE-PIECE elegant Parlor Suit** of upholstered furniture, elegant parlor suit of upholstered furniture, elegant parlor suit of upholstered furniture, elegant parlor suit of upholstered furniture, elegant parlor suit of upholstered furniture.  
39.98

**CHINA Closet** of adjustable shelves, five counting the bottom, top cornice, mahoganyized, carved, forming wide shelf for bric-a-brac, height 5 ft. 11 in, width 3 ft. 8 in.  
13.80

**MAGNIFICENT Solid Oak Combination**  
Bookcase and Chest, with four adjustable shelves, two handsome drawers, French bevelled mirrors in center, steel size 6x10 inches and 18x18 inches, three deep drawers, brass handles and key eyes, cornice high and carved, good width 4 ft. 8 in.  
25.29

**BUCKET**, Tin Bucket, well made, Black Handle, in 2 sizes only: 2-Quart, price... 10c 3-Quart, price... 10c

**TEA KETTLE**, Mottled Gray Steel Enamelled, with four handles, in the market; no seconds or shipped goods in this stock; all first-class; 3 sizes to fit Nos. 6, 7 and 8 stoves.  
39

**COLANDER**, Tin, well made, heavy black tin; 3 sizes: Small... 7c Medium... 9c Large... 12c

**FOOT TUB**, Mottled Gray Steel Enamelled, with four handles, in the market; no seconds or shipped goods in this stock; all first-class; 3 sizes to fit Nos. 6, 7 and 8 stoves.  
48

**BREAD RAISERS**, Mottled Gray Steel Enamelled Ware, 10 quarts... 65c 14 quarts... 75c 17 quarts... 85c 21 quarts... \$1.25

**WASH BOILER**, copper bottom, to fit No. 7 stove; made of black tin; 2 ft. 7 in. x 18 in. x 18 in. cheap... 49

**A THREE-WINGED**  
Quartered Oak Chest, with four adjustable shelves, two handsome drawers, French bevelled mirrors in center, steel size 6x10 inches and 18x18 inches, three deep drawers, brass handles, swelled glass front.  
14.95

**MAHOYANIZED Parlor Mantel Cabinet**, with glass front, beautiful finish and careful make, three drawers, brass handles, secret make, etc., top cornice, with mirror.  
16.75

**CHAMBER PAIL**, Mottled Gray Steel Enamelled Ware; 3 sizes only: 10 quart size... 48c 12 quart size... 52c 14 quart size... 56c

**LIPPED SAUCE PANS**, Mottled Gray Steel Enamelled Ware; 3 sizes only: 10 quart size... 14c 12 quart size... 16c 14 quart size... 18c

**WATER PITCHERS**, Enamelled Ware, 1 quart... 25c 2 quarts... 35c 3 quarts... 45c 4 quarts... 55c 5 quarts... 65c 6 quarts... 75c 7 quarts... 85c 8 quarts... 95c

**LADIES' small Round**  
Bed, in Oak and Cherry, with brass knobs and pulls to the back, dresser mirror, 20x24 glass top, three drawers 15.49